WOMAN'S SPHERE

FILLING THE CRACKS.

How to Repair Floors and Woodwork Which Are Unsightly.

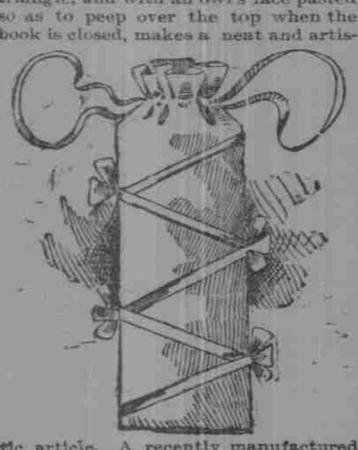
Your floor has great wide cracks and rough places. Such a floor is better painted than stained, although it is more trouble to fix it in the first place. Large cracks should be filled, and this is tiresome work. Putty is cheap and easy to get, and you can press it in with an old case-knife. If the blade of the knife is broken off half way it will be even better. Plaster of paris fills cracks, too, and when freshly wet up spreads like putty. Mix it up with a little cold water and it is ready for use, but mix only a little at a time, as it hardens rapidly. There is yet another mixture which you can make yourselves, and which is excellent. Shred up paper—newspaper or common wrapping-paper—into bits, and pour boiling water over it. When it is soft stir into it a paste. Drain out the surplus water and add some glue—about two or three tablespoonfuls to a quart of the paste—and fill the cracks with it, being careful to trim off the tops smoothly. Otherwise your cracks will make ridges through the paint. When any of these fillings are dry, your floor is ready for painting. It is best to get the mixed paints that come prepared for use, or else to get some kindly painter to mix it for you. It takes quite a little judgment and experience to know when paint is of the right thickness to spread well. Get the same painter to select your varnish, for there are many poor varnishes that will not dry, and you do not want to get into any such trouble. Dark brown or red paint make the prettiest floors, as the tints can be made to look like black walnut, or cherry, by cautiously adding lamp-black. Be sure to wear your oldest clothes when you are painting, and do not scatter your paint, brushes, and pails around. Keep them as far out of the way and as far out of the smell of the family as possible. Else everyone will wish you had never begun to decorate your room. Wear old loose gloves. They will keep your hands clean, and perhaps save blisters. —Harper's Young People.

PRETTY BOOKMARKS.

Clever Little Articles Which Are Cheap and Easily Made.

A convenient, a most necessary, article when one is reading a book is a handy marker of some durable material. Careless people invariably turn down the corner of a leaf to mark the place where they leave off reading. This soon spoils the volume. A very pretty and popular bookmark is made out of a piece of ribbon, with a souvenir coin fastened neatly to one end, and a metal or ivory paper cutter on the other, as in the accompanying illustration.

Another marker is made from two pieces of stiff cardboard, cut in the shape of maple leaves, one slightly larger than the other. These are fastened together at the base, leaving the pointed ends loose, so that they may be slipped on either side of a page. A kite-shaped piece of cardboard can be turned down one end, forming a triangle, and with an owl's face pasted so as to peep over the top when the book is closed, makes a neat and artis-



tic article. A recently manufactured novelty in this line was carved out of some valuable wood, the long end shown in the cut being placed between the pages.

The end with the dog's head formed a sort of handle. A cat's head is made out of cloth and small piece of fur; this is attached to two pieces of cardboard, one longer than the other, leaving the lower end open for the page. Almost any little girl or boy can make these book-markers by carefully studying the designs printed here.—N. Y. Recorder.

Good Things to Know.

That meat should never be placed directly upon the ice, as its juices will be absorbed; put it on a plate and set it in a cool place. That if dish towels and cloths are boiled up in water with ammonia every second day, there will be less trouble with sticky dishes. That common salt rubbed into the roots of the hair will remove dandruff; rub a little in at night, and in the morning the salt will be all gone, and after a few applications the dandruff too, leaving only a slight dampness. That a piece of chamois, fitted to the heel, bound on the edges with tape and kept in place by an elastic worn over the stocking, will save much mending. That castor oil applied to warts once a day for from two to six weeks will remove them.—Indiana Farmer.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

Description of Some Very Pretty Designs in Late Styles.

Children have such a determined way of growing out of their clothes, and need so many little gowns to keep them always suitably dressed, that it is sometimes a difficult thing to find a variety of ways to make and trim them without spoiling the simplicity which is their charm. If it were only the fashion to dress all children under a certain age in a simple uniform, what a lot of bother it would save; but the tendency is rather in the other direction, and in many cases they are made to look more like miniature women than little girls. Elaborate costumes and expensive materials are not in good taste, and are sure to take away, rather than add to, the attractiveness of children. Simple muslins, ginghams, China silks, serges and cashmeres are the most desirable materials employed. To such of the mothers as make the little frocks, a few suggestions with the models may afford some welcome hints. Little girls over eight can wear linen, flannel and silk shirts with plain skirts, but they are made blouse style to hang over the belt, and have an elastic around the waist. The collar is Eton shape. The silk shirts

THREE LITTLE SUMMER GIRLS.

are tucked with fine tucks in front, and have a turn-down collar, trimmed only with feather stitching. Skirts are short, reaching a little below the knee, except for very young children. Guimpes are as popular as ever, and always look childish and pretty. A pale blue crepon dress has a round waist, a square yoke of embroidery with little rosettes of satin ribbon in front. Another little dress illustrated has a plaid silk skirt, a white wash silk blouse made with a yoke collar laid in two box plaits in front and bordered with satin ribbon. A serge gown for a girl from eleven to thirteen years of age is made with a plain skirt, with one row of braid for trimming. The blouse bodice has a white serge vest barred across with the braid. The waist is finished with a band and two rosettes on each side of the front with two long ends.—N. Y. Sun.

WHOLESOME COOKING.

It Is Essential to the Well-Being of Every Member of the Household.

Cooking is in reality a partial digestion of food previous to its introduction into the stomach. It is employed by man alone, and distinguishes him from all other creatures.

Many articles used as food are entirely indigestible in a raw state. Some of the most nourishing of them are actually harmful if eaten uncooked.

Cooking, to be esteemed a science, must be performed in such a way as to render the raw products of the earth as easily digested as possibly. By virtue of such preparation the system is supplied with the greatest amount of nourishment for the least expenditure of vital energy in the various processes of the digestive chemistry.

But good cooking must not only render food digestible; it must make it at the same time palatable. Every physician recognizes the necessity of furnishing a convalescing patient with food that "tastes good." Indeed, he will often allow himself to be overruled by the wish of the patient for some particular article of food, in the hope that the fickle appetite may thus be stimulated and a steady demand for food induced.

Cooking at its best, therefore, is both scientific and artistic; scientific when it best serves the purposes of economy; artistic when by virtue of an added tastefulness, it stimulates the digestive processes to activity.

It must always be remembered that the stomach is not a machine, but an organ extremely sensitive to every nervous influence, so that the tastefulness of food is a direct aid to digestion.

Those, who, from the necessity of their occupation, are sedentary and confined to the house, are more sensitive to the effects of cooking—wholesome or otherwise—than those whose employment takes them out of doors.

The degree of health enjoyed by the family may often be credited to the intelligent interest exercised in the kitchen in favor of good, wholesome food, and it is not too much to say that an accomplished cook may justly be proud of an art which so closely affects the health and well-being of the household.—Youth's Companion.

Receipe for Spanish Sandwich.

Slice rye bread thin, spread it first with made mustard and then with cottage cheese, butter the top slice, lay them together and your sandwhich is complete. If you wish to stone olives and lay them in mayonnaise dressing on one slice, covering the other with mustard, or to slice hard boiled eggs, you can have another sandwich.

NEW MOURNING GOWNS.

The home gown on the right is of heavy crape cloth, in mohair, with sleeves, corsage and sash of silk warp henrietta and dull ribbon bows for trimming. The costume on the left is of endora cloth, with a courtauld crape panel and sleeves and guimpe of the same. A small bow with tape fringe finishes the corsage.

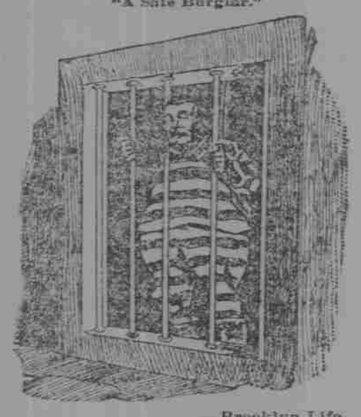
The Bill Was Long Enough.

A lawyer tells the following story concerning a client, something of a wag in his way, with whom he had long kept an account. When the latter was finally made up, the bill, mostly for trifling services, covered several yards of foolscap, as the items enumerated the most minute details. When the client came round to settle, he refused to enter the office, but stood in the door, and holding one end of the bill unrolled the voluminous document in the direction of his legal adviser, with the request that he would receipt it.

"Come in," said the lawyer in his most cordial tones.

"No, thank you," replied his client; "you'd charge me rent if I did."—Tit-Bits.

"A Safe Burglar."



—Brooklyn Life.

A Chat With the Conductor.

"It must be awful on a man to run one of these 'lectric cars," said the old man in a confidential way to a conductor on a Woodward avenue car.

"Well, I dunno."

"Jest expectin death any minit, I suppose!"

"Hardly that."

"But it's a steady strain on your mind. Can't tell when a wire's goin to break and send your soul a-kitin. Then you've got to look out for passengers and teams and people on foot and children. Lord o' love, but I should think you'd jest shiver all the time!"

"No, I don't shiver much."

"That shows how brave you are. I never had much sand myself. I s'pose you never even turn pale when you run over a woman dressed right up to kill?"

"I probably change color, but don't get very pale."

"Lands alive, but it would skeer me half to death! Kill somebody every five minutes, I s'pose?"

"Well, not quite as often as that."

"Every 10, then? I could never stand it myself. I s'pose the car kinder bobs around when you run over five or six folks to once?"

"Yes, kinder."

"By George, but you are as cool as ice! Is that the trolley up thar?"

"Yes."

"And when she slips off and busts things you stand right here with your hands in your pockets and let 'er rip?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I'll be hanged! Say, thar's a feller up my way who has killed a mad dog, broke a tramp's leg and licked three men in fair fights, and he's swellin around and callin hisself some pumpkins. Come up some Sunday and give him one crack and see him fall dead."—Detroit Free Press.

Unconscious Betrayal.

Elderly maid and her best young man tete-a-tete. Enter little brother.

Miss Sears—Well, Bobby, what do you want?

Bobby—Crack this nut for me. I'll do as much for you when I have false teeth.—New York World.

The Sunday Picnic and the Inevitable Shower.

—Chicago Record.

Hard Case.

A western doctor who has had much experience with fever and ague cases says that the best description he ever heard of that malady was given by a waggish patient of his own.

One morning the doctor was summoned to this gentleman and found him in a shivering chill. The day before he had been in a high fever. The doctor inquired how the patient felt.

"N-no-t-t a b-bit bet-t-ter," chattered the victim of the chill.

"I am sorry, but your case is a peculiar one and very hard to get hold of," said the physician sympathetically.

"Ye-yes," shivered the sufferer, "th-that's s-so. Th-the case sh-shakes so yo-you can't g-get hold of it-t-tah!"—Youth's Companion.

Yielding to Pressure.

Great Statesman (at telephone)—Is that the office of The Daily Tomahawk?

City Editor—Yes, sir.

"Is your interviewing reporter in?"

"He is."

"Well, send him over to room 989, Gewjum House."

"Who are you?"

"Congressman Space. I am traveling through your town on business having no political significance—mark that, no political significance—and I am about to be prevailed upon, sir, after much solicitation—I think that is the proper form—to grant an interview to a representative of your paper. Send him along."—Chicago Tribune.

Prepared.

It was a murky night.

Dark clouds lowered over the world, and here and there dropped a fringe of fog.

A shriek pierced the air.

She clutched her husband's nose wildly in her startled frenzy.

"Heavens," she gasped in terror, and even as she spoke the awful cry broke again upon her ears, "the paregoric bottle is empty!"

There was nothing to do but walk the floor.—Detroit Tribune.

A Glorious Victory.

Mrs. de Style—I've got ahead of Mrs. de Fashion at last.

Husband—How?

Mrs. de Style—At Mrs. de Fashion's last party two of the guests fainted, but at my grand receptiion last night the crush was so great that six of the ladies had to be carried out, and one had to have a doctor.—New York Weekly.

A Bad Time.

Mrs. Dimpleton—I feel so badly. I asked my husband if he didn't love me today, and he wouldn't pay the slightest attention to me.

Mrs. von Blumer—Perhaps you asked him while he was at dinner.—New York Herald.

A Creature of Habit.

Prison Warden—Tell me why you object to occupying the other cell.

Prisoner—Oh, do put me into No. 76! I have got so used to my old cell. I never could sleep in a strange bed, you know.—Uik.